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For the Anderson Intelligencer.

Hope and Faith.

This subject—though really two questions bearing on moral and spiritual progress, they being inseparably connected—is invested or surrounded and connected with the lives of all, but especially those of the pure and just. This question has a peculiar interest, more than the unobscured may know. Hope is an attendant at a very early age, and inspires the young in various ways. It is more perfectly developed by maturity of thought and experience, varying in its effects and power according to the circumstances that man may be placed in. Hope deferred is sometimes a cross, though it is fortified and is conducted on by the more powerful support and grander inspiration, which is known by the name of faith. Implicit faith in man is rare, and should be in human affairs sparingly entertained. The child has implicit faith in the protection and abiding love of his parents towards him. That is one faith, and has been, as many can show in their childhood experience, beautifully and devotedly illustrated. Hope is the desire of some good, and is ever sustained by the faith that the good or benefits we seek are possible or in reasonable probability of attainment. Hope actuates the springs of the heart and mind, and diffuses itself in and around our daily actions; and of course our thoughts, if founded on a rational hope, are directed to proper subjects that lead happily on, supporting under trials, crosses and weighty afflictions.

In the ordinary events of life, as one instance of the power of hope, it never deserts a pious mother in a conflict with a straying child. Her effort to save, guided by the most powerful love, is continuous, ingenious, and never yields, constantly hoping that something will cause him to turn. Often the wife, actuated by the noblest love, contends against a drunken husband. And what is it but unyielding hope that directs her, and faith in God? Hope, faith, and consequently that which is beautifully and gracefully attractive in life, is higher wrought by woman in and around her peculiar sphere; refining, elevating, and commanding the respect and love of all who are pure in heart or lofty in sentiment. These experiences are common in life, in and out of the pale of pure, Christian influence.

But now, Christian, your hope and faith—planted as they are on a belief in an eternal reward, having final faith in the infinite power and goodness of the Creator—places you on ground with hopes and few fears, that the unconverted are strangers to. When the mind, heart and actions are invested, beset and prostrate almost before the powers of sin, something interposes; it is caused, perhaps, by a latent hope, and it is repentance. Complete and thorough repentance causes the beautiful messengers of hope and faith to appear, and man places himself humbly, as a creature, seeking for grace at the Throne of Him "who deems even Seraphs insecure." Yes, Divine grace lifts the veil; clouds, storms, sin and the powers of darkness are swept off in a moment; a new spiritual existence is started; the beauty, glory and attraction of holiness is presented. You are pardoned, and this is called regeneration of heart or a new heart; newness of life, and therefore of motives. It is the work of hope in the goodness of God, and complete faith in His promises. The Holy Scriptures abound in monuments of faith, actuated by a hope that all would be well. The very noted example of Abraham in the trial of his faith is one, and will suffice. This and others in the Divine Law are familiar to the Christian. Instances might be noted of hope and faith in the transactions of life, but we will desist.

Have we abiding, firm hope and faith? The Christian has.

STOREVILLE.

THE AMERICAN KING.—The wealth and power of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is assuming appalling proportions. The great consolidated railway line from the West to the North on seaboard, which he controls, is represented by the New York Stock Exchange by securities equal to \$215,000,000, and its gross income last year was not less than \$45,000,000—more than the whole income of the United States Government a few years ago. In commenting upon this fact *Harper's Weekly* remarks:

It is impossible to contemplate this vast aggragation of money power and commercial control in the hands of one man without feeling concern for the result. Neither military nor political, nor commercial supremacy can be pushed beyond certain limits without danger. It would seem as though the limit in this case had been reached. Yet not content with the mastery of 2,150 miles of railway, involving in a large degree the control of the internal trade of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and New York, it is well understood that in October next, at the annual election of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Commodore will enter into possession of that great property likewise, with its sixty or seventy thousands miles of wires, its forty millions of capital, and its eight or nine millions of revenue. When this occurs, not only will the commerce of the four chief States of the North be subject to Mr. Vanderbilt—under such feeble restrictions as our Legislature may impose—but the whole telegraphic correspondence of the country will obey his law. He may prescribe not only what shall be the price of a barrel of flour in New York, but also when, how, and at what cost citizens may communicate with each other by telegraph. Of course he will be subject to legislative control. What that will amount to we all know. In the past no Legislature in this State has ever dared to bear him. He will be a bold man, indeed, who attempts to do so now, when his resources are so unbounded and his power so far reaching. It was said that the late James Fisk, jr., who controlled a paltry 400 miles of Erie, running through a half settled country, could on any emergency bring 20,000 votes into the field. At how many votes, then, must we reckon the master of 2,150 miles of railway through a thickly settled country, and 75,000 miles of telegraph? It is, moreover, one thing to pass laws, and quite another to execute them against a man fertile in resource, energetic in action, obstinate in combat, and inexhaustible in purse.

The Greenwood and Augusta Railroad—A Link in the Chicago Air Line.

There are few observant and reflective minds in our midst bold enough to fly in the face of facts and dispute the proposition of the commercial importance, the mechanical and manufacturing thrift, and rapidly expanding general prosperity of Augusta, at the present time, is due to advantageous railroad connections. As each of the complete lines of railroad centering in Augusta have, in their turn, added an impetus to the growth of the city, so may we reasonably expect a proportionate benefit to accrue from projected lines now being discussed among our merchants and business men.

Of the first importance, as promising a large and profitable trade to Augusta from a thrifty and prosperous section of our sister State, South Carolina, the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad—already surveyed and located along a thoroughly practicable route—claims the prompt and liberal encouragement of our city government and of our merchants, business men and capitalists.

We are assured by the most competent authority that a subscription of \$150,000 by the City Council of Augusta will secure this new connection beyond the possibility of doubt. It is now in order for our enterprising City Fathers to give this project their most earnest and careful consideration, and as early as practicable, consistent with the importance of the subject, refer the matter to the citizens for the ratification of such liberal subscription as they may be induced to make toward the consummation of an enterprise of such great importance to the future trade of Augusta.

Arguments and facts—clear, convincing and conclusive—have been repeatedly presented through the press of this city and a portion of South Carolina, as well as by public speakers, showing the great benefits to accrue to the trade of Augusta from the development of the section of Carolina in which this projected road has been located. It is not essential that the length of this article should be extended by a recapitulation of these arguments in order to convince either our City Council or citizens in general that the completion of the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad will afford ample return for the investments which they may be called upon to make in furtherance of the enterprise.

Our Carolina friends are thoroughly in earnest in the effort to secure railway connection with Augusta, the market of their choice, and we should at once give them practical evidence of our cheerful disposition to aid and encourage them to the full extent of our ability. Aside from the great local advantages promised to the trade of Augusta by the completion of the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad, recent developments in connection with the proposed air line from Chicago to Port Royal indicate that it is likely to become an important and essential link in that projected great highway between the Northwest and the Atlantic ocean. The favorable geographical position of Augusta as a point for the safe storage of Western products, from whence prompt shipments can be made on order to the choice of three separate seaports—Port Royal, Savannah and Charleston—has already claimed and received due acknowledgment from prominent and competent railroad men actively identified with the projected short line from Chicago to Port Royal. There are few, if any, of our dealers in Western produce who will not concede that our present Western connections are inadequate to meet their commercial necessities. The frequent protracted and annoying freight blockades along the Charleston and Savannah routes, too fresh in their memory to need a recapitulation to convince them that another Western connection is essential to the satisfactory and profitable conduct of their business. The proposed connection with Chicago promises relief from the loss and annoyance subsequent upon the blockade of the single Western connection upon which we are now dependent for supplies of bacon, grain, &c. Our merchants owe it to the interests of themselves and their patrons to give whatever of impetus they can to the opening up of this new route to the great West. We doubt if they can more clearly demonstrate to our Western friends the desire to participate in the advantages to be secured by this new line than by an earnest and practical effort to place themselves in a position to make Augusta the objective point of the Chicago air line, in securing tide-water connection.

A prompt and liberal extension of aid in the construction of the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad will, we have little or no doubt, be accepted by our Western friends as an earnest of the active desire of Augusta to forward their great enterprise to the full extent of her ability. We are led to this conclusion from the fact that one of the most practicable routes under consideration for the new Western road is via Knoxville and the Blue Ridge Railroad to Anderson, S. C., and from thence to some point on the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad—say Dorris Mines—forty miles from Augusta and fifty miles from Anderson. The people of the upper counties in South Carolina are pronounced in their preference for an Augusta connection over all other suggested routes to deep water, and it simply requires a corresponding earnestness on the part of Augusta to secure a unanimity of effort, which will go very far towards inducing the location of the Chicago Air Line Road on the route herein indicated—bringing into use something like two-thirds of the line of the Greenwood and Augusta Railroad in reaching this city.

Quite a sharp rivalry, however, is being developed in Edgefield and Aiken counties against the Greenwood and Augusta connection, and in favor of the proposed line from Anderson to Port Royal, via Abbeville, Edgefield, Aiken and Allendale. A mass meeting of the citizens of Edgefield has been called to assemble at the Court House, to-morrow (Monday), to select delegates to attend the Railroad Convention commissioned to do vigorous battle in favor of the line taking in Edgefield Court House. The purpose of the mass meeting, as announced and urged by the *Advertiser*, is to authorize the delegates to pledge a subscription of \$100,000 from Edgefield, as an inducement for the location of the road on the route adverse to the interests of Augusta. A similar meeting has been called in Aiken, and the indications are that our friends of these counties mean business. We are, at least, persuaded that it will not be altogether safe for Augusta to assume an indifferent attitude in regard to the Abbeville Convention, lest our Edgefield and Aiken friends go up in solid phalanx and capture the prize, which only awaits our proper effort to make it fully ours. Augusta should be strongly represented in the Abbeville Convention by her ablest citizens, fully commissioned to pledge, on the part of the city and citizens, such subscription as will secure us beyond doubt the Greenwood connection.—*Augusta Constitutionalist*, 3rd inst.

—A good Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric and an excellent singer, exclaimed to a portion of the congregation who always spoil the melody, "Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who can't sing would wait until you get to the celestial regions before you try." The hint was a success.

The Cotton Caterpillar Effectually Flanked.

The Tallahassee *Floridian* contains the details of some experiments recently made in that vicinity with a mixture of Paris green and flour to destroy the cotton caterpillar, one which proved entirely successful. The information is contained in a letter from Messrs. Earle & Perkins, of that city, who, one day last week, visited the Lake plantation of Mr. Henry Winthrop, of Leon County, and witnessed the application of the mixture to a pound of Paris green to twenty-four pounds of flour, and the result is stated as follows:

At the time of the experiment, the entire cut had caterpillar in all stages. The application was made on the centre rows, by dusting the poison over the top of the plant with a common sifter. In twenty-four hours not a live caterpillar was to be seen. We examined the cut carefully; the top-leaves were crisped; the stock and remaining leaves looking as fresh and vigorous as if the preparation had not been applied. On a portion of the leaves we found quite a number of dead worms, but none living, although the bottom leaves showed no signs of poison. Two feet from the stalk, and where the poison had not been applied, we found a stalk containing about fifteen caterpillars, green and black, busy eating the cotton; so numerous were they that we counted five worms on one leaf. We were told by the manager that where the poison had been applied a number of the worms had died, falling to the ground, and were eaten by the chickens, yet the chickens still live on. We examined the cut where the poison had been applied and could find no worms, which demonstrates to our satisfaction that even if they do not eat the poison, the preparation being distasteful, the worms desert the plant and seek more healthy quarters.

A preparation of one pound of Paris green and twenty-four pounds of flour was made and dusted in our presence over the cotton containing the worms. In fifteen seconds one caterpillar leaped from the stock and was eaten by the chickens, others crawled to the main body of the plant, working their way to the ground, while others remained in a sluggish condition, a sample of which we brought to our office and in a short time this pest was dead as Hector. We have since been told by parties who visited this cotton in the afternoon that no sign of caterpillar could be seen, yet the application had only been made that morning. We visited this cut the next afternoon in company with Dr. A. B. Hawkins, W. R. Wilson, Geo. Lewis, Chas. C. Pearce, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Page and a colored man from Mr. Pearce's place and examined the cut, and after a diligent search not a worm could be found. Mr. Pearce noticed live worms on a stalk that had not received the application and dead ones on the next row where it had been applied. All of the parties left fully convinced that it was a complete success. Wednesday the first application was made, and on Friday night this cut was visited with a heavy rain, and still the poison remained on the plant, the flour making a paste which is difficult to wash off. Mr. Pope, one of Mr. F. R. Cotton's managers, who has been experimenting, reports that after the poison had been applied the worms in the next twenty-four hours deserted this cut, and none could be found. Mr. Isler, his other manager, visited this cotton, and reports about as Mr. Pope. He also stated that this cotton had put on a new growth, showing the poison did not effect the plant. Mr. Rufus Tucker, a practical planter, also tried the poison, and says it is a complete success. He had worms in a cut, made the application, and next day could find no live worms, dead ones appearing on the ground and stalk.

A WOODEN RAILROAD—FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR MADE WITH EASE.—The *Clarendon Press*, of the 18th, contains a lengthy account of the wooden railroad or tramway which has been lately built, and which brings Manning Court House in communication with the outside world.

The South Carolina Central Railroad had been allowed to drop through the hands of the original projectors, and a considerable amount of cutting out and grading had been accomplished when Messrs. Land & Pritchett, large turpentine distillers, doing a very large business, purchased the right of way and set about to construct a road that would take their products to market. The road from Manning to Lane's Turnout, on the Northeastern Railroad, was cleared out and graded, and laid with scantling. This road is fifteen and a half miles long. The bed is constructed precisely as all other railroads are. The whole structure above the bed is precisely similar to other railroads, except, in place of iron, this road has wooden stringers, four by five inches, fastened down to the cross-ties by long iron spikes passing through both stringer and cross-tie, making the stringers both steady and firm. These stringers are five inches upon their face, and the tracks or wheels of the running stock are five inches upon their face. The friction in running being distributed over wide surfaces, the injury to the rails will be less. The flanges in the wheels are two and a half inches deep, thereby preventing any probability of running off. A portion of the road has been in operation five months, over which trains have been running daily, and most of the stringers are smooth. The rolling stock on the road is common, but quite effective. The engine is worth only eighteen hundred dollars, but is sufficient to carry seven or eight loaded cars, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. The projectors are claiming to have run another engine of iron on the road. The road is regarded a success. The road is intended for a first-class, and answers all the purposes of a first-class road. The road has cost about twelve hundred dollars per mile. By this road fifty thousand pounds can be sent twice a day.

OFF FOR THE PROMISED LAND.—We understand from reliable authority that one day last week about fifty negroes—men, women and children—passed up the Buncombe Road, on their way, as they said, to the Promised Land. It seems that these poor creatures, who hailed from the southern portion of this County, had been deluded by a negro preacher who claimed to be inspired and commissioned to lead them to the "Promised Land," that they hastily sold everything that they had, including their growing crops, and with their families took up the line of march, under the leadership of this self-styled Moses, for the land flowing with milk and honey. This new prophet told them that the land of Canaan was about 160 miles distant, but as far as our information goes, he failed to locate it exactly. These "Zion Travelers," as they called themselves, will travel a great way, we fear, before they find the Paradise promised land.—*Spartanburg Spartan*.

—There are so many Americans traveling in Europe this year, that at nearly all the English churches on the continent, it is said, the usual prayer for the Queen is immediately followed by one for the President of the United States.

The Gray Mare the Better Horse.

This well known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstances: A gentleman from a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found not long after marriage that she was of a high, domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune. The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more dissatisfied at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right or wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness three to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune." This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady, with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said if his business was urgent she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenious with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes." The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present. A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be a very fit horse for her saddle; her husband gave the best of the money why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and you—don't take her then? But I say you shall; or I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

AN ERECT POSTURE.—A writer on health very justly condemns the habit of lounging, in which large numbers of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vast more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture; whether sleeping or waking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated to the level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free emotions of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly hump backed, or severely round shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow; when any person finds it easier to sit, or stand, or sleep in a crooked position than in a straight one, such persons may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or an upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

MAD DOG BITES.—The recent cases of hydrophobia in this city, says the *Baltimore American*, have excited a discussion concerning the nature and origin of this mysterious disease which may contribute something of substantial value to medical science. We find that a large number of intelligent writers are of opinion that cases of true hydrophobia are exceedingly rare, and that those distressing symptoms which are supposed to be rabid are due in a large measure to the influence of the imagination upon the nervous system.

Another theory is that the poison, when communicated by the tooth of a rabid dog, is held, as it were, in a little vesicle or sac which forms about the wound, and that it is not absorbed until this receptacle is destroyed by the assimilating processes of nature. If taken up by the blood immediately, hydrophobia would result immediately. The fact that the wound becomes sore just before madness comes on shows that some disintegrating process in the cellular structure must be taking place.

Great faith should be put in the cutting out and cauterizing of the wound, for there can be no doubt but that the poison remains there a long time before it is absorbed.

THE VALUE OF THINGS.—One of the most frequent errors we all make in life is the valuing the thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it, and this error is universal. We do not believe anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in the human breast for very good reasons, but we have carried this desire to an extreme, and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue. In love, for instance, the earliest conquest is the best. We know that this is a very daring remark, but we are persuaded that it is a true one. The love which soonest responds to love, even what we call love at first sight, is the purest love, and for this reason, that it does not depend on any merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last, incomprehensible, undeniable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman, and he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her. The same thing occurs in friendship. The friends that are the easiest made are the best friends and the most lasting. But often an ill-conditioned or even a cantankerous man offers some attraction, by reason of difficulty, to other men to gain his friendship. After much effort, what friendship this man can give is perhaps gained, and is ultimately found out to be worth but little. As an additional argument for not being led away by the difficulty of the pursuit, let us remember how very short life is. In material things the folly of pursuing them eagerly, merely because the pursuit is difficult, is very apparent. A man will seek after more almost hopeless honor, or some station in society which he never attains, or finds worthless when attained, and all the time he neglects the pleasant things in life which are around him, and within reach of his hand. The daisies and the primroses and the violets he passes with an unheeding eye, caring only for some plant that blossoms once in a hundred years. We repeat our belief that the most frequent error in life, is the placing an inordinate value, merely on account of its difficulty, upon that which it is difficult to attain; and we would have for a motto one that has never yet been selected by mortal man, and which should run thus: "Choose the easiest." We are not afraid of quelling men's efforts on high endeavor by this motto. They will always be prone enough to run after what is difficult.—*Arthur Helps*.

LONGSTREET AND GETTYSBURG.—Gen. Pendleton's statement in a public lecture that Gen. Longstreet was responsible for the loss to the rebels of the battle of Gettysburg has called out a letter from ex-Gov. B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, who commanded a brigade in Longstreet's corps at that time. Gen. Humphreys gives a vivid account of the three days' battle, and contends that it was not Gen. Longstreet who disobeyed orders, but that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart is possibly most responsible for the principal events of the battle, the Governor says:

Nearly ten years have now passed by since the battle of Gettysburg, and with many Gettysburg seems to be an enigma. They seem to be unwilling to accept Lee's self-accusation. His overweening confidence in Stuart, they say, reflects too much on his sagacity as a General; and, as Stuart was a pet in high feather with the army and the country, the story of his disregard of Lee's instructions, by making a brilliant dash and fruitless foray on Meade's rear instead of being on his front and keeping Lee informed, must be lost sight of and forgotten. Again: Ewell was charged with losing the victory at Gettysburg by failing to seize Guilford and Cemetery Ridge on the first day. Ewell was then living, and, being in good odor with the Confederates, readily squelched the idea of making him the scape-goat of Gettysburg. Now, nine years after the battle, comes Longstreet's turn, and not being in high feather and good odor with the Southern people, his "unworthy ambition" and "ill-temper with Lee" is readily accepted as the true solution of the enigma of the loss of Gettysburg. My love for the true soldiers of the Southern Confederacy, true when we needed friends, has not failed me, and I may be too prone to defend them; yet, I am persuaded, that when an impartial history of our civil war can be written, the military fidelity and heroic record of James Longstreet will shine bright among the brightest ornaments of the Confederate struggle for liberty and the independence of the South.

EGOTISTIC TALKERS.—Almost every circle is blest with an egotist, who exercises a kind of dictatorship over it. Are you in mistake as to matter of facts? He cannot suffer you to proceed till you are correct. Have you a word to the end of your tongue? He at once comes to your relief. Do you talk bad grammar? He quotes rules and gives examples like a pedagogue. Does he discover that there is a link wanting in the chain of your argument? He bids you stay until he has supplied it. Do you drop a word to which he has devoted much research? He asks you whether you know its primitive signification, and straightway inflicts upon the circle a long philological disquisition. When you relate an incident which you really suppose new and affecting, your friends listen without emotion. When you are done he observes that he heard the same long ago, and adds a very material circumstance which you omitted. He is never taken by surprise, and it is impossible to give him any information. And yet he never takes the lead in conversation, nor advance an original thought. It is his business to come after, and pick up the words which others let slip in a running talk, or to check their impetuosity, that he may point out to them their missteps. Had he lived in the day of Solomon he would have flattered the royal sage with an intimation that some of his proverbs were but plagiarisms; or, had he been a contemporary of Solomon's father, would have felt himself bound to give the slayer of Goliath some lessons on the sling, and whispered to the singer of Israel his private opinion that the shepherd bard did not perfectly understand the use of the harp.

NOTHING—AND BLASTED LITTLE OF THAT.—A good story is told of old Jimmy McGill, who resided during the war in East Tennessee. Guerrillas, representing both parties, kept it so warm in that forsaken region, that it was dangerous to belong to either side. McGill had, in trying to ride both horses, got several blackjacks, first from the rebels and then from the Yankees. As they were dressed alike, he made several mistakes in trying to pass for either Union or Southern, as he thought would suit the crowd. At last he was met by a party whose politics he couldn't even guess at, and the following conversation ensued:

"Sir, are you a Union man?"
"No, sir," replied McGill.
"Are you a rebel, then?"
"No, sir."
"Then what in the devil's name are you?" roared the captain.
"Well, sir," hesitated McGill, "to tell the honest truth, I'm—nothing—and but blasted little of that."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The moment a man is satisfied with himself, every one else is dissatisfied with him.

—Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.

—What unthankfulness to think so much on two or three crosses, as to forget a hundred blessings.

—Mrs. Partington thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music-teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

—Some people live without purpose, and pass through the world like straws on a river—mere passengers.

—An Englishman has discovered that there are fifty-four distinct varieties of fleas. One is enough for all practical purposes.

—A Connecticut man is going to move out of the State, right away, because the trustees of a cemetery object to his raising onions on his cemetery lot.

—The negro who was hanged at Suffolk, Virginia, the other day, remarked as he was going to the gallows: "I wish dey had put it off 'till after watermelon time."

—"What shall I give my boy to make him honored and respected?" writes an affectionate father. Education and moral precepts were once required to accomplish this purpose, but a diamond pin now covers the ground.

—One of the late boys, while reading a chapter of Genesis, paused to ask his mother if boys in olden time used to do their sums on the ground. It was discovered that he had been reading the passage, "and the sons of men multiplied on the face of the earth."

—A St. Louis journal tells the story of a Missouri youth who has been fearfully persecuted by a married woman who loves him to distraction. She has followed him everywhere, and his parents hustled him off per the Kansas Pacific road the other day; but before the train had gone ten miles, the woman burst through the door of the smoking car, and flung her arms about the young man's neck. He is now making arrangements for the purchase of a burglar proof safe with a duplex elliptic combination lock.

—A Nashville man was awakened the other night by a pain in his stomach, and thinking that the cholera was at hand, he clutched for a bottle of camphor which he kept on the table for instant use, and commenced to apply it with vigorous rubbing to his abdomen. He experienced immediate relief, but was considerably surprised at not perceiving the strongest scent of camphor. Suspecting that he might have made a mistake, he lighted the gas and made an inspection, which resulted in the discovery that, instead of camphor, he had used a bottle of ink.

—From Columbus, Ohio, comes one of those singular episodes which seem to justify a belief in the supernatural. A lady in that place was awakened from her first sleep the other night by a mysterious voice exclaiming, "Your brother William is dead." At this spectral warning, of course, she screamed and swooned and would not be comforted, and passed the rest of the night in tears and heart-breaking despite the consolatory skepticism of her attendants. And the curious part of the story is that the very next day she received a letter from this identical brother in a neighboring city announcing that he was quite well and in possession of a profitable contract with the town authorities.

—In one of the towns of Mississippi, two colored men were arrested on the charge of burglary. The jury before whom they were tried were all colored. After the case was tried they retired and made up a verdict, which was announced to the court. On being called, the Judge asked for the verdict, which the foreman delivered as follows: "Dis jury find dat one of 'de cuse busted in de sto', and stole dat bacon, and dat de oder didn't do nuffin."

"Which one do you find guilty?" asked the Judge. "Dat's de question, boss," returned the foreman; "dat's jest what we can't find out, and we recommends dat dis honorable coat jest have another trial and find out which on dem two niggers steal dat bacon."

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.—The Rome Commercial under this head, tells the following story:

"A young married friend tells a good joke on himself, perpetrated by a little three year old 'pride of the family.' She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the hearts and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to their fullest capacity in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left the table she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and caught hold of his hand, and said: 'What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?' 'My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong.' 'Papa don't say that.' 'What does your papa say?' 'Papa says, goddlemighty what a supper.' Papa just had time to get his hat and slip out to see about the cow, or do some other chore for his wife. He assures us, however, that the 'pride of the family' was put to bed that night with an extra kiss, and that he had promised himself never to be caught again."

HOUSEWORK FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.—Miss Margaret Buchanan, in her "Queen of the Kitchen," sets up an argument with those of her sex who are compelled to rely upon their own exertions for a living, that it is no more healthful, honorable and profitable to do the work of a family than to do work behind the counter of a store, teach school or labor in a manufacturing establishment. Says she:

"Housework is admirably calculated to preserve a robust woman, and to strengthen one that is weak. An hour in the laundry is better than a vial of iron. For a woman not obliged to support herself, housework is a duty. Housework is easier than running sewing machines or making dresses. It is easier than teaching; and while engaged in its lighter forms, a young lady may find more time for mental culture than teachers do. Housework is the natural physical occupations for all women. It is not only woman's right, but it is their duty to hold exclusive possession of the kitchen and dining-room. It gives them a great power. Upon the administration of this kitchen hangs a world of weal and woe. An innumerable train of diseases merely, but hypochondria and hysterics, and their blue and stunted offspring. A lady is the mightiest sceptre on earth."

This is all very good, but before Miss Margaret Buchanan or any one else can persuade American girls to enter kitchens for hire she must either divorce them from the idea of independence, or else remove from the domestic badge of menial placed upon her by the mistress of the household.